



The New Mayor  
Based on G.H. Broadhurst's Successful Play  
**THE MAN OF THE HOUR**

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Chapter I—At the suburban home of Charles Wainwright, "high financier," he and his broker, Scott Gibbs, hatch up a scheme to corner Borough street railway stock. They rely upon the support of Dick Horrigan, boss of the neighboring city, who is coming to discuss matters. Alderman Phelan, the thorn in Horrigan's side, whom Wainwright is anxious to conciliate, is also coming. Among the members of Wainwright's household are his niece and nephew, Dallas and Perry Wainwright, and his secretary, Thompson, a secretive young man in whom the financier has implicit confidence. Judge Newman, a neighbor of Wainwright, whose continuance in office depends upon Horrigan's favor, requests Wainwright's intervention with the boss. Another visitor to the Wainwrights is Alwyn Bennett, in love with Dallas, who is calling to ask her about her rumored engagement to Gibbs. Perry is in love with Cynthia Garrison, also a neighbor. II—Cynthia is the daughter of a bank president who nine years before the opening of the story was ruined by the dealings of an unnamed dishonest financier and shot himself. His son thereupon disappeared. Mrs. Bennett congratulates herself upon the immaculate record of her son's defeated father. Dallas refuses to marry Alwyn unless he does something worthy of his family and education. Phelan and Horrigan face each other. III.—Phelan defies Horrigan. Judge Newman is turned down by the boss, but at Wainwright's request Horrigan becomes suspicious of Thompson, but Wainwright scoffs at the idea. Horrigan and Wainwright makes a corrupt deal whereby the former, for a big consideration, is to procure from the board of aldermen a perpetual franchise for the Borough street railway. The boss is worried by the reform movement threatening his power at the coming election and is casting about for a candidate for mayor with a clean record. He hits upon Bennett, who has had some slight political experience. The latter accepts, but warns Horrigan that, if elected, he will be absolutely honest and independent.

IV.—Bennett is elected and appoints Cynthia his private secretary. Phelan tells him that the financier who caused the ruin of the Garrisons was Wainwright, who is also the power behind the crooked Borough franchise bills, with Horrigan and Gibbs. Dallas and Mrs. Bennett visit the city hall.

V.—Gibbs tries to induce Bennett to sign the bill. The mayor's talk with Dallas is interrupted by Horrigan.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT a strange man!" exclaimed Dallas Wainwright in wonder, as the anteroom door slammed behind the boss. "And what utterly abominable manners! Who is he, Alwyn?"

"Horrigan."  
"Richard Horrigan, the—"  
"The boss. Yes. He has a pleasing way of stamping into this office un-

asked, as if he owned it and as if I were his clerk. But today's behavior was the worst yet. It's got to stop!"

"But don't do or say anything reckless, Alwyn. Promise me. Remember how strong he is!"

that gripped the desk edge. "What did he want to see you about?" "A business matter." "What business matter?" "Mine." "Yours, eh?" sneered Horrigan. "Well, young man, I want you to understand here and now that no one can be chummy with Jim Pbelan and be my man at the same time. Got that through your head?"

"Yes," assented Bennett; "I think I have. And while we're speaking plainly I want you to understand here and now that no one can bully me, either here or elsewhere, and that I'm no man's man. Have you got that through your head?"

Horrigan stared in savage amazement. He doubted if his ears had not played him false. Bennett had always treated the boss with uniform courtesy, and Horrigan belonged to the too numerous class who do not understand until too late the difference between gentle breeding and weak cowardice. That a man should speak to him courteously and not interlard his talk with oaths, obscenity or roughness seemed to Horrigan, as it does to many another boor, an evidence of timidity and lack of virility. A Damascus blade is a far more harmless looking weapon than a bludgeon, yet it is capable when the necessity arises of far deadlier work.

It is only the man whose gentleness has not granite strength as its foundation who deserves the newly popular term of "mollycoddle."

Had Horrigan's large experience with men been extended to embrace this fact he would probably never have picked out Alwyn Bennett in the first place as candidate for mayor nor deemed the younger man a fit tool for the organization's crooked work. The French nobles of the old regime, whose polish of manner was the envy of the world, fought like devils on occasion and went to death on the scaffold with a smile and a jest on their lips, while many a brutal demagogue in the same circumstances broke down and screamed for mercy. However, Horrigan chanced to be more familiar with the history of the organization than with that of France; hence, deeming Bennett's reply a mere sporadic flash of defiance from a properly cowed spirit, he resolved to crush the rebellion at a blow.

"Don't give me any insolence!" he roared. "I won't stand for it, and—"

"Moreover," quietly continued Bennett, as though the boss had not spoken, "I shall be very much obliged if in future you will knock at my door instead of bursting in on me. This is my private office, not yours."

"Do you mean to—"  
"I've explained as clearly as I can just what I mean. If you don't understand me I can't supply you with intelligence."

"Bennett," said the boss, his burning rage steadied down to a white heat, far more dangerous, but less incoherent, "you and me are talking too much and saying too little. We've got to come to a showdown. You're a clever boy and you made a rattling good fight, and you're on the right side of the public and of the press too. You're the best material we've got, and if you try and do the right thing there's no limit to what you can rise to—but only if you do the right thing."

"The right thing," echoed Bennett. "What do you mean by the right thing?" "I mean you've got to do the right thing by the men who put you where you are today."  
"That's fair. But who put me where I am today?" "I did—I, Dick Horrigan. Who ever heard of you till I took you up? Nobody. If I didn't make you mayor, who did, I'd like to know?" "The voters. The people of this city."  
"The voters," scoffed Horrigan. "The deuce they did! Who had you nominated?" "You did. But it was the public who elected me, and I'm going to obey your orders in one thing. I'm going to do the right thing by the men who put me where I am today. I'm going to pay the voters for their trust in me by giving them a fair and square administration. In the case of this Borough street railway franchise bill, for instance, tapping the document lying before him on his desk, "before I sign that bill I intend to make sure it's for the good of the people, that it is for the good of the city, not merely for the good of Richard Horrigan and a clique of his friends and heelers. No, don't swear. It'll do you no good. I'm firm on this matter. If you're discontented with me it's your own fault. I warned you months ago that if I was elected I should keep my oath of office. As for this Borough bill!"

yourself as a fine, promising young man who's on the road to the governorship and maybe to the White House. Well, you aren't. You're what Dick Horrigan made you, and your future will be what Dick Horrigan chooses to make it. I lifted you up, and I can tear you down just as easy. And, what's more, by —, I'll do it if you don't sign the Borough bill. I'm a man of my word, and before ever you were nominated I pledged my word to have that bill put through. The bill paid your election expenses. It!"

"I paid my own election expenses. You know that."  
"Your personal expenses, perhaps. But who paid for parades, halls, banners, fireworks, speakers, advertisements, workers and watchers and all the other million things that elected you? The men behind that Borough bill paid them. And they did it on the understanding you'd sign the bill."

"In other words," remarked Bennett, "you made a bargain for me. Well, I can't keep it."  
"Oh, I'll keep it all right. You'll sign that bill or you'll!"

"Mr. Horrigan," exclaimed Bennett, controlling his temper with more and more difficulty, "you said something just now about our coming to a showdown. This is the time for it. I want you to remember henceforth that I wear no man's collar—yours or any one else's—and that you can't deliver any goods you've bargained for in my name. If I sign that bill it won't be under your orders, but because I think it right."

"Oh," laughed Horrigan, who thought he began to see the drift of the other's mind, "I don't hold out for that. I don't care why you sign it as long as you do sign it."

"What do you think about the bill yourself?" inquired Alwyn. "Do you consider it honest?"

"What do I care? It's got to be signed, and—"  
"I care. And I think the bill is fraudulent."  
"Getting tender in the conscience, aren't you? Well—"  
"If you put it that way, yes. I think this Borough bill is crooked from first to last. But—"

"What's the matter with it? Ain't?" "Let me explain," pursued Alwyn. "This bill gives the Borough Street Railway company the right to use whatever motive power they choose to. It gives them the right to charge five cent fares without any transfers. In one paragraph there's a clause permitting them to build a subway if they want one. By another paragraph's concessions they can build a conduit and lease it out for telephone or telegraph wires. By another they can do an express business. But all these provisions are as nothing compared to the fact that the bill gives the streets above and below ground to the Borough company forever and ever—not for a term of years, but until the end of the world. It delivers that route to the company not only for our time, but for always, and binds us and our descendants to its terms. That is the chief outrage of the whole thing. To think that the—"

"Oh, we've got a howling reformer in the mayor's seat, have we?" scoffed Horrigan. "If I'd known that—" "The people have got a man who is trying to protect their rights and property. Here's a letter I received today. You'll recognize the name of the capitalist who wrote it. You know he is honest as well as wise. This is his proposition: He will pay \$2,000,000 for that same franchise, give the city 10 per cent of the gross receipts and turn over the whole plant to it at the end of fifty years. What do you think of that?"

"It's a fake."  
"It is a bona fide offer. He volunteers to deposit \$1,000,000 to bind the bargain. Now, what I want to ask you, Mr. Horrigan, is this: If the franchise is worth \$2,000,000, why are you and your faction in the board of aldermen so anxious to give it away for nothing?"

"Look here!" blustered the boss. "I am looking," returned Bennett. "I've been looking deeper into it than you realize. I asked you a question just now. I'll answer it myself in one word—'Graft!' That is why you want to give away a franchise that is worth \$2,000,000."

"Graft!" snorted Horrigan contemptuously. "The same old reformer howl! What's your idea of graft anyway?" "Graft is unearned increment. Money to which the recipient has no legal or moral right. That is—"

"So! Then show me the man who ain't a grafter! A lawyer shows his client how to evade the law, and he takes a fee for doing it. What's that but graft? A magazine takes pay for printing an advertisement its editors know is a fake. What's that? Graft! When a congressman votes for an appropriation because another congressman has agreed to vote for one of his, what's that? Graft! When a five thousand a year senator retires at the end of ten years worth a million, what's

that? Graft! A police captain on \$2,750 a year buys yachts and country estates. Graft! How about the railroad president who gets stock free in a corporation that ships over his road, or the insurance man or banker who gives or takes fat loans on fancy securities and clears 1,000 per cent? Grafters, all of 'em! Grafters! Every one grafts who can or who isn't too stupid. Show me a man who doesn't graft and I'll show you a fool. Present company not excepted."

"That's where you're wrong," returned Alwyn, ignoring the slur and speaking with a judicial quiet oddly at contrast with the boss' vehemence. "The man who said 'Honesty is the best policy' knew what he was talking about. It pays best not only hereafter, but here as well. Why did Missouri choose Folk for governor? Because in spite of his faults he is honest. Why was La Follette sent to the senate from Wisconsin? Because, faults and all, he was honest. Why did the people of this country make Roosevelt their president? Were they blind to his faults and foibles? No, but they knew he was honest! I am honest. This bill isn't. That is why I won't sign it."

"You won't, eh?" roared Horrigan. "Then veto it! Veto it if you dare! I'll not only smash your political career, but I'll pass the bill over your veto. That'll show you pretty well how you and me stand as to power in the city. I'll make you the laughingstock of the administration by taking the whole thing out of your hands and passing it in spite of you."

"I doubt it," answered Bennett, paling, but meeting coolly the fiery wrath in Horrigan's little red eyes. "I intend to fight your Borough bill in the aldermanic chamber and outside that council. To pass a bill over my veto you'll have to get a two-thirds majority. That means fourteen votes. You have only your 'solid thirteen.' And I'll make it my business to see you don't get a fourteenth vote."

"I'll look out for that, all right, all right."  
"One thing more, Mr. Horrigan. I have reason to believe there is bribery in this matter. I'll ferret out the name of every man who gives or takes a bribe in connection with the Borough franchise bill, and I'll send every one of them to jail—not only the aldermen, but the capitalists who are behind the measure. Receiver and thief shall go to jail together."

"Is that so?" chuckled Horrigan. "Then, Mr. Reformer, let me tell you who is really behind this whole affair, the man you'll have to jail first of all, Mr. Charles Wainwright, uncle of the girl you're trying to marry."

He leaned back to note the effect of his revelation, but Bennett's face moved no muscle, gave no hint of what lay beneath.

"Besides," went on Horrigan, eager to press his advantage, "every cent of Miss Wainwright's fortune and of her brother's has been put by Wainwright into Borough stock. If the franchise is beaten, that stock will collapse and Miss Wainwright will be a pauper. You'll beggar the girl you're in love with and her young brother if you veto that bill. Now go ahead and do as you like, said Horrigan."

It was Horrigan's trump card, and he had played it well. White, silent, Bennett walked back to his desk. The fight seemed all knocked out of him. Heavily he moved, like a man overexhausted. Picking up a pen, he wrote rapidly, then cast aside the pen, crossed to the window and looked out into the snowy, crowded park. "You've signed the bill!" cried Horrigan in delight. "I've vetoed it," replied Bennett.

To be continued.

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The chief then approached the white men. "That what Indian know," he said, drawing a small circle on the ground with a stick. "That what white man know," drawing a larger circle round the first. "That what nobody know," he added, pointing to

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